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WAR SKETCHES,

FROM

CEDAR MOUNTAIN TO BULL RUN.

WAR SKETCHES.

FROM CEDAR MOUNTAIN TO BULL RUN.

CONSISTING OF

Personal and Historical Incidents

OF THE

CAMPAIGN UNDER MAJOR GENERAL POPE,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1862.

BY A STAFF OFFICER.

Lyon, James S.

BUFFALO:
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INTRODUCTION.

The subject matter of the following chapters appeared in the "Buffalo Commercial Advertiser" in a series of letters during the past winter, over the signature of L. The writer supplied his friends (as he thought) most bountifully with the papers containing said letters, but all the copies that he has been able to beg, borrow or buy have not been sufficient to "go round," hence he has felt impelled to put the articles in a new form, with sundry corrections, and now hopes that there will be enough for all.

Much difficulty has been experienced in keeping run of the army movements described, for lack of a map. This want we have remedied, and have prepared a map that will aid the lay reader at least in comprehending the apparent mix-up of army operations.

Several parties have said, "You are an apologist for General Fitz John Porter." If so, it is incidentally only, as I had not read the full text of General Porter's defense until after these letters appeared in print. If I had, it is very possible that the war sketches in which he appears would have been much more amplified. He is a gentleman with whom I have no acquaintance, have never met, have no recollection of having even seen. If a simple statement of facts, of occurrences on the field of Manassas, is an apology, certainly he is entitled to that much from friend, foe or a stranger. The President of the United States has within a few months past, upon the presentation of evidence not available at the time of the court-martial in January, 1863, remitted the harsher portion of the sentence it imposed.

Is it too much to expect that Congress will do itself and the American people the honor of rendering full and complete justice to as honorable a soldier, as long-suffering a patriot and as gallant an officer as was engaged in the War of the Rebellion?

L.

WAR SKETCHES.

FROM SPERRYVILLE TO CULPEPPER.

On May 23d, 1862, Jackson, with an army of over 20,000 men, swooped down upon the Shenandoah Valley, driving Banks, with his command of 6,000 troops, all the way from Strasburg to the Potomac, a distance of 53 miles. This retrograde movement was made in forty-eight hours, bringing along guns, stores, wagons, sick and lame, as the conveniences, or more properly, "impedimenta" of the flight would allow. When safely across the river General Banks wrote: "There never were more gratified hearts in the same number of men than when, at midnight on the 26th (May), we stood on the opposite shore."

The redoubtable Confederate general, finding the Potomac intervening between him and Banks, leisurely retraced his steps up the valley. Fremont attempted to intercept him at Strasburg, but failed, and pursuing Jackson to Cross Keys and Port Republic, brought him to bay. But the attempt was unsuccessful, and on June 8th the Confederate army marched away, carrying with it the spoils and captives of victory. General Sigel, in the meantime, was hastening from the west by way of Baltimore by special trains, reaching Harper's Ferry on June 1st, and on the following morning pushed forward all available troops in aid of Fremont at the upper end of the valley; but too late to overtake the wily Confederate foe.

On June 27th Major General Pope was put in command of the newly organized Army of Northern Virginia. This appointment gave such offense to General Fremont that on

the same day of Pope's promotion he issued an order resigning his command, and General Sigel, by an order from Washington, assumed the command of his corps. On the 14th of July Pope issued the famous "Bombastes Furioso" pronunciamento that made him the laughing stock, not only of the army, but the whole nation. In those dark days of 1862 this smile was very near akin to a frown; but now, twenty years after, it creates a broad grin, as we read:

"I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, * * * I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies. * * * In the meantime I desire you to dismiss certain phrases I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of taking positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. Let us look before and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance," &c.

Other orders followed in quick succession, one of which provided "that the inhabitants along the line of travel would be held responsible for any injury done to track line or road, or for any attacks on trains or stragglers by bands of guerrillas in the neighborhood." In another order "all disloyal citizens within reach of its respective officers" were "to be arrested at once. Those taking the oath of allegiance, and giving sufficient security for its observance," were to be allowed to remain; "all others to be conducted to the South, beyond the extreme pickets, and if again found anywhere within the lines" were "to be treated as spies and subjected to the extreme rigor of military law."

The resulting effects of these orders were, to license the brutality of our soldiers towards their victims; pillage and arson ceased to be crimes. The Confederate government, by way of retaliation and protection, issued a counter order declaring that General Pope and the commissioned officers under him were "not entitled to be considered as soldiers, and therefore not entitled to the benefit of cartel for the parole of future prisoners of war," and that in the event of the murder of an unarmed citizen or inhabitant of the Confederacy, by virtue of these orders, that Pope or any of his commissioned officers in the hands of the Confederacy should be hanged, man for man.

General Pope did not leave Washington for the army until July 26th. At this time General Sigel, in command of the first corps, lay at and in the vicinity of Sperryville—a scattering little village, lying at the foot and easterly of the Blue Ridge, distant about sixty miles, south-westerly, from Washington. General Banks had established his headquarters at the town of Little Washington, distant about four miles northerly of Sperryville. General Pope made his headquarters in the same town with Banks. At this time Sigel's command numbered 11,500 men, divided into three divisions: the first under Major General Schenck; the second under Brigadier General Schurz; the third was somewhat divided, but under the immediate direction of the commander of the corps. General Banks commanded the second corps, numbering about 8,000 men. Major General McDowell was supposed to be at Fredericksburg, and had in command about 18,500. The cavalry distributed through the three corps was estimated at 5,000 men and horses; making the Army of Northern Virginia figure up a grand total of 43,000. The defeat of McClellan in front of Richmond in the latter days of June and first of July, enabled the Confederate commander, Lee, to release his able lieutenant, General Thomas J. Jackson (better known under the soubriquet of "Stonewall"), from the army engaged in defense of the capital of the Confederacy, and try conclusions with the now famous proclamation-commander of the Northern Army. Early in August Jackson began his movement from Orange Court House, crossed the Rapidan, and advanced towards Culpepper Court House. At this time the divisions of Generals Schenck and Schurz were stationed at Sperryville. General Von Steinwehr held the right of the corps at Thornton Gap, about six miles from Sperryville, guarding the pass from the Luray Valley, and watching the movements of the enemy in the Shenandoah. General Milroy was on the extreme left at Woodville—a small village lying between Sperryville and Culpepper, distant about five miles southeast from the former, and fifteen

miles from the latter. Colonel Cluseret, a French officer of experience, of great vigilance, educated in every branch of military art, and possessing in an eminent degree the genius of war, held an advanced position at Greighersville, some miles southerly of Woodville. His command was that of a corps of observation. It was uncertain at the time whether Jackson would strike by way of Madison, C. H., which Cluseret was watching, by way of Culpepper, which Milroy was guarding, or the Shenandoah Valley, the scene of his great exploit in May. The disposition of Sigel's corps was perfectly well known to General Pope.

Early in the day, on August 8th, (the day before the battle of Cedar Mountain, more properly Slaughter Mountain, from a reverend Virginia gentleman of that name, who occupied an old-fashioned mansion near the crest of the hill) a dispatch was received from Pope, saying: "Hold yourself in readiness to march." Immediately thereupon the two divisions at Sperryville (Schenck and Schurz) were called out, and kept under arms, while Milroy, Steinwehr and Cluseret were notified to hold themselves in readiness and await further orders. In the meantime Bank's corps passed by our left, *en route* for Culpepper. At 6 o'clock in the evening another despatch arrived from Pope, written at Culpepper, saying: "The enemy has attacked our right. * * * Move your command to this point (Culpepper). * * * Move on the road from Sperryville to Culpepper, and encamp at the point where the road crosses Hazel river. You will continue the march to morrow morning so as to arrive here at as early an hour as possible, unless otherwise ordered." Within an hour the body was in motion. In the meantime Milroy, Steinwehr and Cluseret were notified. Schenck and Schurz reached Hazel river between 10 and 11 at night, distant about five miles from Culpepper, while Milroy continued on to the town. During the night another order came from Pope, instructing Sigel to reach Culpepper next day (9th) at 12 o'clock. At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, another despatch was received from

Pope, saying: "Halt your command at Hazel river. Let the men get something to eat and lie down and rest. If it is necessary for you to come forward to-day word will be sent to you in time."

Our men were ready, and preferred marching early in the morning, rather than in the heat of the day. After waiting until 9 o'clock the wished for order came, in these words: "Advance your command immediately to this point" (Culpepper).

When General Sigel received the first despatch from Pope, to hold himself in readiness, he sent an intelligent young officer to Culpepper with a suggestive note, asking which road he should take, meaning the direct and *only* road from Sperryville to Culpepper, or, turn to the right (south) at Woodville, and pursue the road leading to Madison, C. H., and thus take Jackson on his left flank between Culpepper and Cedar Mountain. The idea of a flank movement was evidently discarded by Pope, as he did "holding positions," "lines of retreat" and "bases of supplies," and he sent a reply to come direct.

In the Court of Inquiry to investigate Pope's conduct of the campaign he made a mean use of Sigel's suggestion, by stating that this question of Sigel's involved a delay of twenty-four hours in reaching Culpepper.

If there was a delay of twenty-four hours or even twenty-four minutes, it did not arise from tardiness on the part of the commander of the first corps, as every order had been promptly obeyed—even anticipated by ten hours on the 8th and five hours on the morning of the 9th. As soon as the column was in motion General Sigel and staff hastened forward and reported in person to Pope at Culpepper at 11 o'clock, A. M. This major general, in command of the Northern Army of Virginia, who had announced by proclamation a few weeks before that his headquarters would be in the saddle, was found domiciled in a comfortable mansion, lolling on this hot August morning in a rocking-chair, smoking a very fragrant havana—General McDowell keeping him company.

Everything in and around Culpepper was in the wildest confusion. The cry in every mouth was "Jackson is coming. He has crossed the Rapidan with 20,000, with 30,000 and even 50,000." Troops were pouring in from all directions. No master hand appeared to bring order out of the confusion, no master mind to restore the confidence that Jackson's very name had shaken. In this interview between the three major-generals no censure for delay was ever hinted at. Pope expressed himself very well satisfied with the movement of Sigel's troops. At this very moment Banks was on his march toward Cedar Mountain, distant about eight miles south of Culpepper. In fact the cavalry had pushed beyond Slaughter's Hill, and skirmishers had deployed and were advancing—while Pope was taking his dignified ease, apparently ignorant of matters at the front.

CULPEPPER TO CEDAR MOUNTAIN AND RETURN.

So soon as Sigel's two divisions reached Culpepper, General Milroy, who had arrived early in the morning, and his command, well rested and refreshed, was ordered to march to the assistance of Banks. The divisions of Schenck and Schurz had marched from Hazel river ahead of their wagons, and had to borrow supplies from McDowell's commissariat, and give the men rest and supper before going further. Sigel, accompanied by his staff hastened forward. Soon after leaving Culpepper, the boom of cannons was distinctly heard from the direction of Cedar Mountain. Reaching Calvern's Tavern, about two miles from the line of battle, a field hospital had been established, where the dead and wounded were being brought in, and the serious work of surgery in active operation. The rattle of musketry was now heard, together with the louder peals of cannon. As we advanced, the usual concomitant of the rear of a battle

field was witnessed, in straggling men. Some had lost sight of the position of their regiments, others, because of highly prudential reasons, while yet other poor fellows, too badly hurt to remain in front, and not sufficiently injured to be transported by ambulance or stretcher, were hobbling to the rear in search of surgical aid. Further on came a crowd through the gathering darkness, evidently a whole regiment in stampede. The general met them and commanded: "Halt! what regiment is this?" A reply came out of the darkness, "The —— Maine." "Where is the colonel?" A mounted officer came forward and announced himself as the officer in command. General Sigel then instructed him to face about, form his men across and on both sides of the road; hold his position and prevent stragglers from passing.

The colonel asked who was giving the command, and when informed that it was "Major General Sigel," he instantly replied, "All right, General," and proceeded to execute the order. Several other large bodies of men were met hastening in disorder to the rear. This condition of things was soon stopped, and the rear of the battle field began to assume something like an organized line of battle, prepared either to advance or cover a retreat. Approaching nearer the front, two batteries were discovered, the cannoneers so bewildered in the darkness that they were actually firing at each other. General Sigel soon stopped this fraternal duel, and turning the guns against a battery of the enemy, speedily silenced it. Up to this time General Pope had not reached the field of battle. Arriving soon afterwards, he was so utterly ignorant of the position of the contending forces, that he actually insisted that General Bank's left wing was holding a position already occupied by the enemy, and would not be convinced to the contrary, until a strong body of Jackson's cavalry emerged from the woods, crossed a wheat field, and made a dash at our lines, when they were met by such a destructive musketry fire from Milroy's brigade, which General Sigel had placed in position a few minutes before, that the attacking party

wheeled about and galloped off at a much quicker pace than they had advanced. But for this repulse, General Pope and his whole staff would have been gobbled up. The divisions of Generals Schenck and Schurz, now arriving, were pushed to the front, and Bank's troops retired to the rear at three o'clock in the morning. The battle of Cedar Mountain was now virtually over—a battle commenced by a blunder, fought without a plan, in which we were whipped and would have been annihilated but for the opportune arrival of Sigel. The announcement of his arrival spread over the field as though a telegraphic wire communicated with every battalion. The whole army seemed to be electrified by the cry, "Sigel has come! General Sigel has arrived!" By the timely arrival of the first corps, arresting the stampede, the judicious disposition of Milroy, and the confidence restored to a defeated and dispirited army, Pope was saved from the humiliation that he had to take three weeks afterward on the field of Bull Run. In both cases this incompetent and unscrupulous commander attempted to cover his blunders by a lie, first attributing the defeat of Cedar Mountain to Sigel's failing to come up in time; secondly, attributing that of Bull Run to Fitz-John Porter, because he failed to comply with an order that the first military captain of our day pronounces impracticable, and justifies Porter in disobeying.

On the following day large reinforcements began to arrive and, placed in position, our skirmishers pushed forward, the enemy presenting a bold front well posted and concealed in the woods around Slaughter's Hill; a flag of truce passed between Jackson and Sigél, and the day was spent in burying the dead. By night we were in condition to make a forward move. Early on Tuesday morning (12th) we discovered that the enemy had fallen back, leaving a strong rear guard of cavalry only. Sigel's corps, preceded by Milroy's brigade, advanced, but met no resistance, our cavalry driving the rear guard before them, who showed no disposition to hold any position. Continuing this advance

for upwards of five miles, it became evident that Jackson with his whole command had recrossed the Rapidan, having distributed along the whole route of about eight miles many of his dead and wounded, the latter being cared for by the people along the route. Establishing our headquarters at a modern-built brick mansion (Lightfoot's) supplies and additional forces were brought forward, preparatory to advancing southwards and "on to Richmond;" but alas, "the best laid schemes of mice and men," and generals too, "gang aft agley."

By the 18th inst. we were ready for the promised advance, when the startling intelligence reached headquarters from returning scouts that Sigel had sent out some time previously, that not only Jackson, but now Lee's whole army from Richmond had crossed the Rapidan, and flanked the left of our army, and was approaching the Rappahannock, where they would be between us and Washington. Orders soon arrived from Pope's headquarters at Culpepper, instructing Sigel to fall back to that place, and within an hour we were in motion. The march continued all night, and by day-dawn of the 19th the whole army was again camped in and around the ancient boro' of Culpepper Court House. During this retreat General Pope exhibited a side of character that did not raise him in the estimation of the army. As our poor, dust-covered, foot-sore boys entered Culpepper, they were greeted during nearly the whole night, by a salutation of profanity from their commander-in-chief, of a style that would have graced a Mississippi stevedore much better than a major-general of the United States Army. During the whole of this day a continuous stream of troops, wagons, and other appendages of war poured through the town, and it was not a little humiliating to have a Virginia lady, whose acquaintance we made but a few days before, as she tendered the hospitality of her mansion, add "Ah! you are returning from Richmond, evidently in a very great hurry."

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Early on the morning of the 20th we were safely across on the left bank of the Rappahannock. Pope with Rickett's division and other troops at Rappahannock Station; Sigel at Sulphur Springs, distant about ten miles up the stream from Pope; Banks near Kelly's Ford, about three miles down the river from Pope. Not knowing where or whom the pursuing army would strike, every man was on the alert. On the morning of the 21st, a cannon boom was heard from the direction of Rappahannock Station. The first corps was in motion before the sound had ceased to reverberate through the surrounding hills. A violent cannonading was evidently going on, as we heard it distinctly during the whole march of nearly three hours. By the time we reached Pope's headquarters it had ceased. Sigel reported in person to Pope in his tent, a short distance from the river.

While the generals were yet in conversation, Captain Dahlgreen, of Sigel's staff, arrived and stated that rebel cavalry were on this side of the river. Pope replied, "O, nonsense, they haven't any troops on this side the river." Sigel answered, "I will see, I will see," and mounting horse, accompanied by his staff, started off. We had not been gone from Pope's presence above ten minutes, when sure enough, a squad of our own cavalry, that Sigel had dispatched ahead of the column, en route, approached with two captives, belonging to Stuart's rebel cavalry. They informed us that a strong body were on this side, and more coming. From little straws like these we may sometimes form an estimate of men. Pope's indifference to the information, and the alacrity of Sigel in following it up, were the respective characteristics of these men throughout the whole campaign from Cedar Mountain to Bull Run.

While yet at General Pope's headquarters, he said: "General Sigel, you have the right and can make any disposition of the forces that you choose." This was certainly anything but expressive of distrust towards an officer accused of tardiness a few days before; but this charge of tardiness was not trumped up until some months afterwards, when he (Pope) was desirous of excusing his own incapacity and indolence. Never was a trust more worthily bestowed and executed with more fidelity and sleepless activity. At every ford of the Rappahannock, extending for a distance of over fifteen miles, from Waterloo Bridge down to Kelly's Ford, Lee was met, and foiled in every attempt to cross the river. Fighting him at Kelly and Freeman's Fords, Rappahannock Station, Great Run, Sulphur Springs and Waterloo Bridge, it was a wonder at the time, to those in the military family of General Sigel, how it was possible to ascertain where the enemy would strike, and in every instance to meet him with a force adequate to repel the attack. And after considering this matter for nearly twenty years, "still the wonder grows."

The last position taken up by Sigel was at Waterloo Bridge, where the last effort was made by Lee to cross the Rappahannock; but finding the hill tops bristling with cannon, and a large body of infantry strongly posted on the left bank, he wisely desisted from the attempt, and adopted a new plan of operations, which brought him into more immediate contact with Pope and McDowell, whom he found less wily and watchful than the sleepless commander of the first corps. Sigel was ordered to fall back upon Warrenton. As we ascended the hills from the vicinity of Waterloo Bridge, on the afternoon of August 25th, black clouds of smoke were seen rising from the large hotel at Sulphur Springs, distant about two miles below, where an artillery battle was fought the day before, continuing over eight hours, and the fine old hostelry, as if by mutual consent, was spared by the combatants on both sides. When General Sigel witnessed this piece of vandalism he exclaimed

with deep indignation in his tone, "By G——, that is too bad." Many of the journals of that day charged this act of wantonness to his orders.

PLAINS OF MANASSAS.

Foiled, as I said, in his efforts to cross the Rappahannock, Lee resolved upon the bold plan of sending the tried and trusted Jackson around the right of Pope's army, and as it turned out, all around it. On the very day that Sigel left Waterloo Bridge for Warrenton, Jackson started from Jefferson on the south side of the river, with an army of 25,000 men. Crossing the Hedgeman river, the name given to the Rappahannock above Waterloo Bridge, proceeded northwesterly until he reached White Plains and Salem, two stations on the Manassas Gap railroad. From these points he was at liberty to continue westerly through the Blue Ridge and into the Shenandoah Valley, or easterly through Bull Run mountains, debouch into the broad plain near Gainsville, and thus come down in rear of Pope's army, now lying southerly and southeasterly of that point and distant from ten to twenty miles therefrom. He adopted the latter bold plan, and succeeded. Nothing could have been more expressive of contempt for his opponent than this apparently reckless course. Reaching Gainsville without opposition, he continued easterly seven or eight miles further, to the line of the Orange & Alexandria railroad, striking Manassas Junction a little after midnight of the 26th and 27th of August, which he surprised and captured after a feeble resistance.

Pope at this time was at Bristoe Station, about four miles south of Manassas, with Bank's corps, and other troops within call; McDowell and Sigel also within reach for purposes of co-operation. This easy capture brought to

him (Jackson) 500 prisoners, 2,000 barrels of flour, 200 barrels of pork, 50,000 pounds of bacon, 175 horses, 200 tents and other valuable stores, that must have made glad the hearts of his hungry, toil-worn troops. On the following night (27th and 28th) he started northerly, a part of his force going to Centreville, while he with the major part of the command, moved along by way of the Sudley road, northwesterly, until he reached the Warrenton turnpike near the stone bridge, which crosses Bull Run stream, about seven miles from Manassas—further off, and still in rear of Pope.

For a better understanding of the country and the position of the armies engaged in this game of hide-and-seek, I will describe it in the form of a triangle. At Gainsville the Manassas Gap railroad continues in a southeasterly direction to Manassas Junction, distant about eight miles, where it unites with the Orange and Alexandria railroad running east and west. This line may be considered the base of the triangle. From Manassas Junction a country road runs northterly to Sudley church, about eight miles distant, towards the head of Bull Run, (but intersects the Warrenton turnpike, about seven miles from Manassas Junction, near the stone bridge over which the turnpike passes), this point may be called the apex of the triangle; thence running southwesterly parallel with the turnpike to Gainsville, about eight miles distant. The triangle is fully described within which were fought the two battles, or rather series of battles of Bull Run; the first on July 21st, 1861, the second on August 28th, 29th and 30th, 1862.

While Jackson was moving northerly from Manassas Junction on the night of the 27th and 28th, Pope supposed that he was marching westerly along the base of the triangle towards Gainsville. His usual indolence was again displayed, in failing to send out scouting parties, to ascertain where Jackson was, or, in his inability to instruct and question his scouts, if he did send them out. On the evening of the 27th, McDowell's and Sigel's, together with other com-

mands, reached Buckland's Mills, distant about three miles southerly of Gainsville, where 40,000 men bivouacked around their camp fires on that still, dark August night. At 9 o'clock, General McDowell with several members of his staff came to General Sigel's headquarters, and a conversation began between the two generals. McDowell said, "General Sigel, what would you recommend?" The latter replied, "Well, General, I have ascertained by my scouts, that Longstreet broke camp at Salem on Tuesday morning, and I have made a computation, that he will reach Gainsville by nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Jackson is coming down the Warrenton turnpike, from the direction of Centreville; his intention is to form a junction with Longstreet at Gainsville. Now if we start early in the morning, we can reach there before Longstreet, and we can whip Jackson." McDowell made no reply, but sat at a table poring over maps until eleven o'clock, when he took his departure. Sigel in the meantime stretched himself on a sofa in the room, and fell asleep. Now inasmuch as McDowell had enjoyed three days' repose at Warrenton, while Sigel had been in the saddle almost constantly, night and day, for six days, in view of these facts possibly this breach of etiquette may be condoned.

At two o'clock in the morning (28th) an orderly arrived at Sigel's headquarters with a despatch from McDowell, to break camp at five in the morning and march to Manassas Junction, his "right resting on the railroad track." Before that hour the first corps was in motion, reaching Gainsville, about three miles distant, before seven. Passing through that village the column turned to the right and continued in the direction of Manassas Junction. The rear of the column had hardly passed through the town, before scouts arrived, and informed Sigel that Jackson was coming down the turnpike.

Our troops were at once wheeled into line, skirmishers deployed, artillery advanced, and two officers sent back to McDowell stating what had been done, and asking his

co-operation. McDowell replied: "I'm not going to fight Sigel's corps; he has had his orders." Nothing now was left for Sigel to do, but again form column and continue this fool's march—for Manassas—and *away* from Jackson.

I see, as though it were but yesterday, the large expressive eyes of the youthful Dahlgren flash, as he related to me, on his return, the insulting reply of McDowell. This gallant young officer, at this time in his 20th year, fell in front of Richmond, within two years from that time, with the rank of colonel; having in the meantime lost a leg on the field of Gettysburg. A boy in years, a man in understanding, and a veteran in war.

After marching a mile or two in this direction, Sigel wheeled his column to the left, and struck the trail of Jackson's march of a few hours before—along the Sudley road, which he followed, determined in spite of Pope to overtake the enemy; and without the co-operation of McDowell, if need be, to bring on an engagement with Jackson, before the latter could unite his forces with Longstreet's, now momentarily expected at Gainsville. Early in the afternoon a heavy rain storm set in continuing for an hour or two, so that it was near sundown before the head of our column reached Henry's Hill, near Bull Run. Sure enough, as Sigel had predicted the night before, General A. P. Hill's corps, forming the rear of Jackson's army, was passing over Bull Run. Without the loss of time skirmishers deployed, artillery unlimbered, and every disposition made for a battle. Hill had got pretty well over the bridge before we reached Henry's, and withdrew his forces without accepting battle. Darkness now set in, and another valuable day was lost. Hill's force was only the tail-end of Jackson's army. Where was the head and body all this day? Jackson, as I said before, after taking Manassas, struck the Sudley road, followed it to near the apex of the triangle, entrenching himself behind an unfinished railroad embankment. Hill's corps had kept to the right of Jackson after leaving Manassas, and proceeded to Centreville, and it was

on his countermarch for the purpose of uniting with the main army, that he was discovered by Sigel on the evening of the 28th. Jackson thus strongly entrenched, extended his right to the Warrenton turnpike near Groveton, a tumble-down little Virginia hamlet, about midway between Gainsville and Bull Run bridge.

At the very hour in the forenoon, that Sigel had formed his line of battle, and asked McDowell's co-operation, General Reynolds was marching along easterly, south of the turnpike, and about two miles on the left of Sigel, when the head of his column came suddenly upon a strong body of the enemy; after a short engagement the latter withdrew, and Reynolds continued his march in the direction of Manassas. He had hit the head of Jackson's column, and did not know it, and was now marching away from the very enemy he was in pursuit of. Thus the tail and head of Jackson's army are accounted for; now, where was the body? and where did it develop itself?

During the day, Pope, who was at Bristoe Station, some three miles south of Manassas Junction, sent an order to McDowell (near Gainsville) to push on toward Centreville, having now got the idea that Jackson was there. In pursuance of this order, General King with his division, was marching easterly along the turnpike, and when not far from where Reynolds had the brush in the morning, an attack was made on his left flank; a very severe engagement followed, terminating only when darkness rendered further movements impracticable. He had struck the main body of Jackson's corps, and did not know it. Thus on the Warrenton turnpike within a few hours of each other, two battles were fought by detachments from McDowell's corps, with an enemy whom they were searching for, and when discovered they did not recognize. The head discovered by Reynolds in the morning, the main body by King in the afternoon, and the tail by Sigel in the evening. The latter appears to be the only general who did know an enemy when he met him, and who predicted the night before just where he would appear.

An unaccountable part of these performances on the turnpike is the fact that, during the hot and sanguinary engagement in the evening (by King) General Reynolds was encamped within a mile of the scene of the battle and never gave a helping hand. After the battle ceased he rode over to King, and after an interview extending until a late hour in the night, returned to his camp, and King with his division marched toward that *bete noir* of Pope—Manassas Junction. General King was a brave and efficient officer, and his blunder on this occasion may be attributed to illness, which caused him on the following day to resign temporarily his command. Reynolds fell at Gettysburg. It appears from the official report that he made an attempt to reach King, but missed him on account of the latter having left the turnpike.

On the 27th McDowell sent General Ricketts with his division, and Brigadier General Buford with the whole of the available cavalry, to watch the operations of the invading army marching through the mountains, and, following the track of Jackson. Ricketts fell back from Thoroughfare Gap towards Gainsville during the afternoon of the 28th, and continued on to Bristoe; as foolish a move as was King's in marching to Manassas Junction after his encounter in the evening. The blunders of these two Generals in thus retiring from the front and right of Jackson on this night, seriously impaired the strength and condition of the forces upon whom devolved the brunt of battle on the following day, yet both these Generals, King and Ricketts, sat on General Porter's court-martial a few months afterwards, and voted him guilty because he did not obey an order that would have destroyed his corps without a result; and these two men, who had let slip the chance to "whip Jackson," sat as judges upon the transactions of this day. Supposing that three men, A., B. and C. had been charged with conspiracy, or a homicide, two of whom, A. and B., were known to be guilty, would it be considered fair if C. were placed on trial for the murder, and conspirators A. and B.

sitting either as jurors or judges in the case? Would not the verdict be set aside instanter by the Appellate Court? And yet, this was the Court before which Major General Fitz John Porter was tried and condemned, and made the scapegoat for the sins of others. A board of officers, appointed by President Hayes, composed of Generals Schofield and Terry and Colonel Getty, gentlemen not identified with Pope's campaign, but even with prejudices inimical to Porter, at the time of their appointment—completely exonerated that officer; and yet, blind, tardy justice still holds the scales, with crime and falsehood outweighing truth and justice.

The last golden opportunity to beat Jackson was lost, and on the morrow and day following, a bitter penalty was exacted from the Army of Northern Virginia for the blunders on the 28th day of August, 1862.

BATTLE OF GROVETON, OR MANASSAS, AUGUST 29TH, 1862.

"Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn!"

If Bull Run had been substituted for "Flodden," the author of "Marmion" might have passed for a prophet as well as poet. He was narrating events that occurred in August, it is true, but the matter of some three centuries earlier than those recorded in this chapter. The points of semblance agree only as to the month and blunders.

On the night of the 28th–29th, General Porter was at Bristoe Station. At three o'clock in the morning an order came from Pope, directing him to "move upon Centreville at the first dawn of day." Now, Centreville is northeasterly of Bristoe about fourteen miles, while Jackson was

beyond Groveton, about six miles north of Bristoe. Why should he be ordered away from Jackson instead of towards him?. Porter knew that some one had blundered again, but, nevertheless, started for Centreville. After marching several hours he learned from an officer, who was passing with an order for General McDowell, the purport of which was, that Porter was to march to Gainsville; without waiting for further orders; this information sounding something like reason, he at once countermarched his column. After pursuing this retrograde march about four miles over the same ground he had passed a few hours before, a despatch arrived from Pope directing him to "push forward with your corps and King's division, which you will take with you to Gainsville." This was the very thing he was doing, but doing it was in controvention of orders. This first act of disobedience was thus so quickly condoned, that only by gross perversion could it have ever been construed unfavorably to General Porter. A little later in the morning another despatch came from Pope, addressed this time to McDowell and Porter jointly, instructing them to "move forward with your joint commands towards Gainsville," adding further, "if any considerable advantages are to be gained by departing from this order, it will not be strictly carried out. One thing must be had in view — that the troops must occupy a position from which they can reach Bull Run to-night or by morning. The indications are that the whole force of the enemy is moving in this direction (Centreville), at a pace that will bring them here by to-morrow night or next day."

If this had any meaning it was that "Lee and Longstreet, with 40,000 men, are marching upon Centreville; so, therefore, in going towards Gainsville don't go too far, don't get into a fight, don't obey my order if any advantage is to be gained, but get to Bull Run to-night." Longstreet had been expected at Gainsville for twenty-four hours then, and would have reached it on time, but for the bold obstructions offered by General Buford, with the whole cavalry

force of the army, about 3,000 men and horses, who compelled the enemy to move with much caution, and even at one time forming a line of battle, supposing by Buford's manoeuvres, that he was supported by a force of infantry. Pope seems to have shown a lucid interval occasionally during the campaign, but most of the time his words, acts and contradictory despatches were those of a madman. The only sane part of this order was the discretionary clause; otherwise it must have meant: "Take your corps of 17,000 men, without wagons or supplies, march to Gainsville and fight Longstreet's 40,000 men, but get to Bull Run stream (nearly ten miles off in another direction) to-night."

Now let us see what were even the possibilities. Porter's command of 10,000 with King's division of 7,000 men struck a road south of the line of the Manassas Gap railroad (the base of the triangle heretofore described), and followed it westerly to a small creek called Dawkins Branch, to within six miles of Gainsville, which he reached about noon. He soon learned what every general on the field must have known, that Longstreet had reached Gainsville; the head of his corps passed through there early in the morning; and and he (Porter) found himself confronted with evidently a large body of the newly arrived troops, with artillery posted on a commanding ridge running at right angles to the railroad track, right in front of Porter's column. The infantry protecting the batteries were concealed in the woods in rear. Making the discovery, Porter sent out scouts to gather information, and deployed a strong skirmish line. The latter was driven back, and the former returned with tidings that confirmed General Porter's worst fears. McDowell arrived soon afterwards, and the two Generals, after making observations, agreed as to the inexpediency of attacking the enemy. McDowell being the ranking officer was in command. King's division had not yet reached Dawkins branch, and McDowell rode back, arrested their advance, and turned northerly along the Sudley road—God knows where, as he was not seen again until the close of

the day, after the battle of Groveton was over, when he appeared with a hungry, tired and dust-begrimmed body of men, on the Warrenton turnpike. This was King's division, which, under the leadership of McDowell, had been lost in the wilderness of Manassas plains, within from two to three miles of the battle-field near Groveton, and never gave a helping hand. He had left Porter without orders, keeping the latter in momentary expectations of an order from his superior. Porter continued, during the whole afternoon, to send messenger after messenger in the direction McDowell had taken, but no tidings could be got of him or King's division. Porter's right was now uncovered; if he advanced his left he would have had no reserve to fall back upon. Both generals had agreed that they could not proceed (westerly) to Gainesville; to push northerly towards Groveton would have exposed him (Porter) to an enfilading fire on his left from Longstreet's batteries on the ridge, with the certainty of a flank attack from overwhelming numbers, after the guns had disorganized his lines of battle. To remain chafing in uncertainty was to him worse than death; to have done otherwise were murder. This was the position of affairs on the extreme left of the field of Manassas. As it turned out, however, it was the very best thing that Porter could have done. The testimony of Confederate officers since the war all agree, that had Porter attempted to move out of his position on Dawkins Branch that afternoon "he would have been destroyed," and the disaster that befell Pope on the following day, would have been precipitated twenty-four hours earlier. Let us take a survey of another part of the field.

At the close of the day (28th) when Sigel discovered Hill, the position of Jackson was fully ascertained—north of the turnpike, his right resting on the high ground near Groveton, and extending north-easterly obliquely—in the direction of Sudley church, entrenched behind an unfinished railroad embankment. Early on the morning of the 29th, General Sigel advanced along the turnpike with Rey-

nold's brigade in front, Schenk's division on his right, Milroy's on the right of Schenk's, and Schurz's division on the extreme right. Passing over the plain and into the woods, forming the line of battle north of the pike, Jackson's outposts and skirmishers were soon driven in. Continuing to push forward, and coming within sight of the railroad line, they were greeted with a blaze of musketry that staggered the whole front, but so persistent and impetuous was the attack, that at one time the embankment was reached, and partially carried, combatants on both sides using the bayonet and clubbing their muskets; but fresh troops coming to Jackson's aid, our men fell back. Later in the day another effort was made, over the same ground, but with no better success. The fate of Reynolds, who formed the left of the line of battle, was determined much quicker than the attack on the right. The batteries on the high ground near Groveton swept his troops off as though they were chaff caught by a whirlwind. Our loss on this day was over 8,000 men. The loss on the other side must have been much less, as they fought from behind entrenchments, and our army made the attack, entirely unprotected.

Had McDowell co-operated with Sigel the day before, when they were within three miles of Jackson, they would have struck him on his right and rear, and from *behind* the railroad; nothing could have saved him from being "whipped" twenty-four hours before Lee and Longstreet could have rendered any aid; but now we were opposed to him in *front*, and entrenched behind the railroad track.

Pope trotted over from Centreville, arriving at what is known as the "Stone House," on the turnpike, over a mile from the rear of the line of battle, about two o'clock in the afternoon. His headquarters, not in the saddle, as he had promised, but under the foliage of a large oak tree, affording ample protection from both shot and sun, if a missile had happened to reach a mile beyond its mark; but no such catastrophe occurred.

McDowell, about the time that King's division was attacked on the 28th, to hunt up Pope, as he claimed, in the neighborhood of Manassas, left his corps when it was actually in face of the enemy, turned up next day at noon at Dawkins branch and paralyzed Porter, by taking off 7,000 men, leaving his subordinate to shift for himself; and, as I have said, keeping securely lost in the wilderness of Manasses, within the sound of battle all the day, but never appearing on the field until the bloody contest was over. The truth was that McDowell had lost all pluck, if he ever had a particle, several days before. On the 27th Sigel sent Captain D'Estes from Buckland's Mills to meet McDowell, en route from Warrenton; D'Estes said to McDowell: "Lee and Longstreet are coming through Thoroughfare Gap, and the whole rebel army (including Jackson) will be about 60,000 strong." McDowell replied: "Then we are lost."

The reader can make his own comments. These are facts.

The next day was fought the "second day's battle of Bull Run," but in reality it was the *third* day of blood and blundering.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN, OR MANASSAS, AUGUST 30TH, 1862.

On the evening of August 28th, 1862, after discovering the rear of Jackson's army, Sigel established his headquarters at a farm house, situated on a ridge near the Warrenton turnpike, two miles east of Groveton, owned by a colored man named "Jim Robinson," who, with his family, was in peaceful occupancy, until Sigel's guns disturbed their rural quietude, on that summer evening. The valley between the ridges at Robinson's and Groveton reaches its lowest level at Dogan's farm, about midway between, where the depression is nearly forty feet below the ridges. A few rods from the Robinsons, and on the north side of the pike,

is the famous "stone house," a conspicuous landmark in this locality, which had been and perhaps continues to be to-day a place of entertainment for man and beast. In, and around about it, many a poor boy obtained the last glimpse of earth during those two days (29th and 30th). It had been improvised into a field hospital, as were also the grounds around Robinson's. On the morning of the 30th I saw my friend, Lieutenant Schenkelberger, of Wiedrich's battery, stretched out on Robinson's lawn, pale and wan, but cheery and hopeful, notwithstanding he had suffered amputation of a leg during the night. After procuring for him a stimulating draught from the Medical Director, I bade him farewell, never expecting to meet again; but for many years we have lived near neighbors.

Standing at the hospitable domicil of Jim Robinson, and looking westerly along the macadamized Warrenton turnpike, only a very slight draft on the imagination is needed to detect quite a semblance between the surroundings of this battle field and another equally famous. A turnpike paved with small cobble stones runs from Brussels through the forest of Soignes, passes through the village of Waterloo, over a hill, and thence by way of Quartre Bras and Ligny and on to Charleroi.

At Robinson's near the pike we may suppose ourselves standing on Mont St. Jean (at about the same elevation above the valley), where the hosts of England and France contended for victory and dominion on the 18th of June, 1815—Wellington on St. Jean and Napoleon on the opposite ridge of Belle Alliance. Ligny and Quartre Bras in the distance, where preliminary battles were fought the day before. Answering to these localities we have Centreville, Groveton, Gainesville, and on to Warrenton via the Warrenton turnpike. On our right front we have not the stone chateau Hougemount, with its brick garden wall, behind which British troops were strongly posted, and through which they, with their bayonets, perforated loop holes, and successfully fusiladed the approaching French, driving them back time and again from the desperate assault.

Not this time the stone chateau with brick outworks, but the earth embankment of an unfinished railroad, behind which the sheltered Confederate army under Jackson, as securely protected as were the British behind the stone and brick walls of Hougemount. On the left front not the Belgian farm of La Haye Sainte, but a Virginia homestead known as Hazel Plain, owned by an American family named Chinn. A few miles in our rear, not the "Belgian capital," but the unpretentious village of Centreville; and between Jim Robinson's and this faint substitute for the great capital, a plenteous growth of scrub oak and pine, with patches of heavily wooded land for the forests of Soignes. However, very different feelings are inspired in viewing these two battle fields. While our British cousins look upon the field of Waterloo with emotions of pride and pleasure, *we* survey the field of Bull Run with feelings of disgust and indignation.

During the night (29th–30th) General Porter rode over from Dawkins Branch to Blackburn Ford, headquarters of Pope, and informed his superior that Lee and Longstreet were on the field, and had been on his (Porter's) front ever since noon. Pope had written Porter in the morning that he expected them; now when informed that they had arrived, he saw fit to discard the information. An idiosyncracy of this general was, that the enemy must always be just where he wanted them; but never where they were. Porter was ordered to bring his corps by Sudley road at once. He arrived on the pike, between Jim Robinson's and Dogan's, early on the 30th.

At noon, Pope issued a general order, announcing that Major General McDowell was assigned to the command of "the pursuit." It did not take long to determine who were the pursuers and who the pursued. The order also read: "Major General Porter's corps will push forward on the Warrenton turnpike, followed by the divisions of Brigadier Generals King and Reynolds." Generals Ricketts and Heintzleman to proceed further to the right on the Sudley Spring and towards the Haymarket road—closing with the

explicit information, "The general headquarters will be somewhere on the Warrenton turnpike." By accident or otherwise the corps of Sigel and Reno were not named in the order.

Soon after noon, Porter's corps began to move along the turnpike, and discovered that the enemy were in their old position, beyond the woods on the right, and entrenched behind the railroad track. Porter's line of battle was therefore formed north of the turnpike, on the very ground occupied by Sigel the day before. The first corps (Sigel's) was massed at Dogan's farm, on the left of Porter. General Sigel, knowing from yesterday's experience that Porter was marching into the very "jaws of death," hastened from Dogan's to the Stone house, and in a respectful manner informed Pope that Jackson's position at this point was impregnable, and suggested that General Porter move further to the right, where the defense was weaker, and make the attack on Jackson's left. Pope replied, "I will manage this in my own way." Sigel then asked what position he should take, and received the reply, "I will command your corps." Ten thousand men remained inactive at Dogan's farm, witnessing line after line of battle marching into the very mouth of hell. Everyone knew that they could do nothing, but die—except the military imbecile sitting under the oak tree, behind the stone house on a ridge, two miles away from the enemy, on the same spot he occupied the day before. McDowell, who was virtually in joint command, soon found his whole line, extending for two miles from near Sudley church to Chinn's house, not pursuing, but in a deadly struggle to hold in check the pursuers. Soon after commencing the movement, Porter sent a message to McDowell in these words: "I fear for the result unless you push up Sigel. Our right is also attacked."

Later in the day, on the north of the turnpike, extending from the heights of Groveton, towards Sudley church, the operations under Reynolds, Heintzleman and Ricketts resembled much the operations of yesterday, driving the ene-

my through the woods, storming the breastworks, mowed down by musketry in front, raked and swept by cannons on their left near Groveton. Rallying again, and again advancing, hurled back and then repeating the effort.

During the forepart of the day, while Pope was massing his troops north of the turnpike, Longstreet, knowing well that Jackson could take care of himself, was marching and massing his troops against our left, in front of the position held by Porter the day before, and prevented from doing this same thing on the 29th, because of Porter's presence—to-day, without any one to dispute the right of way, quietly moved along the plains of Manassas, concealing his movements under shelter of the woods, and by the time that Jackson's guns at Groveton told that the battle had commenced on their left, Longstreet then advanced in line of battle, until approaching Chinn's house, where the land rises, reaching an elevation of 20 to 30 feet above the level of the plain. The highest ridge is known as "Bald Hill," and here he met the first show of determined opposition. This strategic point was defended by a single brigade under General Warren. Longstreet, in his report says, "My whole line was rushed forward at a charge," driving Warren's troops before it, who disputed every inch with desperate heroism. The resistance on the hill held Longstreet in check for a while. Word had been sent to Pope, stating our weakness at this point, and the probable strength of the enemy. The commander in chief then directed Sigel to send a brigade to Bald Hill. Mrs. Partington's efforts to fight the maddened waves of the ocean with a mop, was an exhibition of generalship equal to this. To defend the key of the field of battle with another brigade (Warren's was now almost destroyed); another little brigade of 1,500 to 2,000 men, only to feed the approaching Moloch! Fortunately, after sending this order Pope's headquarters disappeared from the oak tree, and were transferred to the saddle or somewhere else, so that he could not be found. Sigel, now untrammeled by orders, followed up McLean's

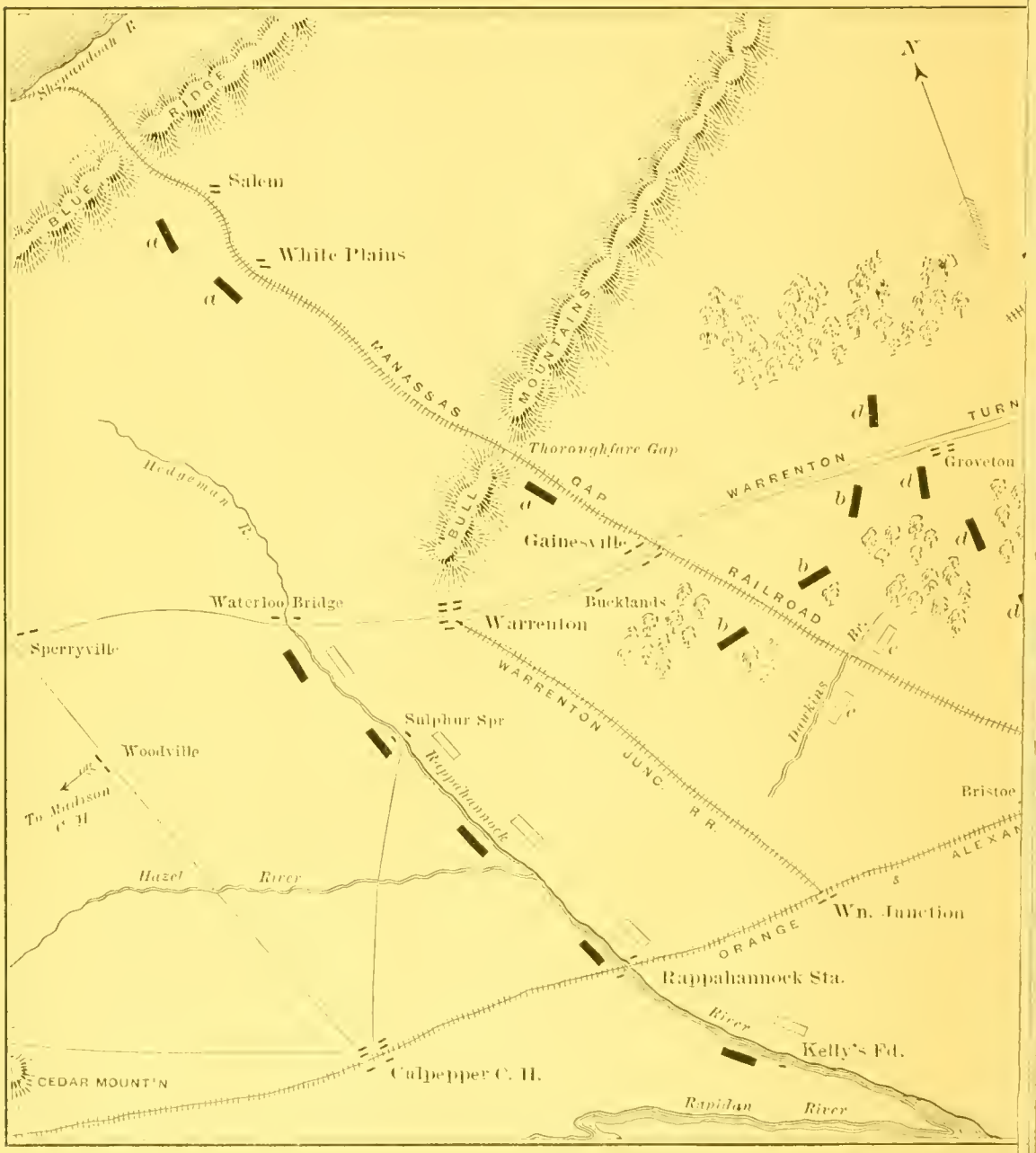
brigade with the divisions of Schenck and Schurz, and the brigades of Koltes and Milroy, the whole corps, was soon on Bald Hill. One of the most desperate struggles of the war was now witnessed. The enemy maddened at such resistance here, preventing them from sweeping around the left of Pope's army, gaining the turnpike and cutting off retreat by the stone bridge in getting to the east of Bull Run, rushed, in overwhelming numbers at the Spartan band on the hill, only to be raked down by the steady volleys that descended upon them; line after line advanced, only to meet the same fate. Part of Rickett's division now came to the help of Sigel; fresh troops also arrived for the enemy. Overwhelming numbers, however, compelled Sigel at last to withdraw further to the rear and take position on Henry's Hill; but before doing so, Generals Schenck and Tower were both wounded. Colonels Fletcher Webster and Koltes killed; but a bitter retribution was taken out of the enemy; out of one brigade alone, 631 officers and men were killed and wounded. The first corps on coming to Henry's Hill, found it already occupied by several regiments of regulars under Sikes and Buchanan. With these and Sigel's troops the advancing enemy met so warm a reception, that after two or three gallant charges, and darkness coming on, they suspended further attacks, or, possibly, the scene on and around Henry's Hill would have been a repetition of that on its sister hill a mile away. Sigel held Henry's Hill until after eight o'clock, occasionally gyrating a shell, or ricocheting a ball from 12-pound Napoleons, an armament for which he appeared to have had great admiration, as evidence that he was awake, and ready to extend such hospitality as the occupants of Henry's Hill were dispensing that evening. Jackson had attempted once or twice during the early evening to come out of his entrenchments on the north of the turnpike, but met with such a warm reception from troops under Generals Reno and Heintzleman, that he deemed it more discreet to stand on the defensive, than attempt an

aggressive warfare. He found that our right had been foiled, but not defeated.

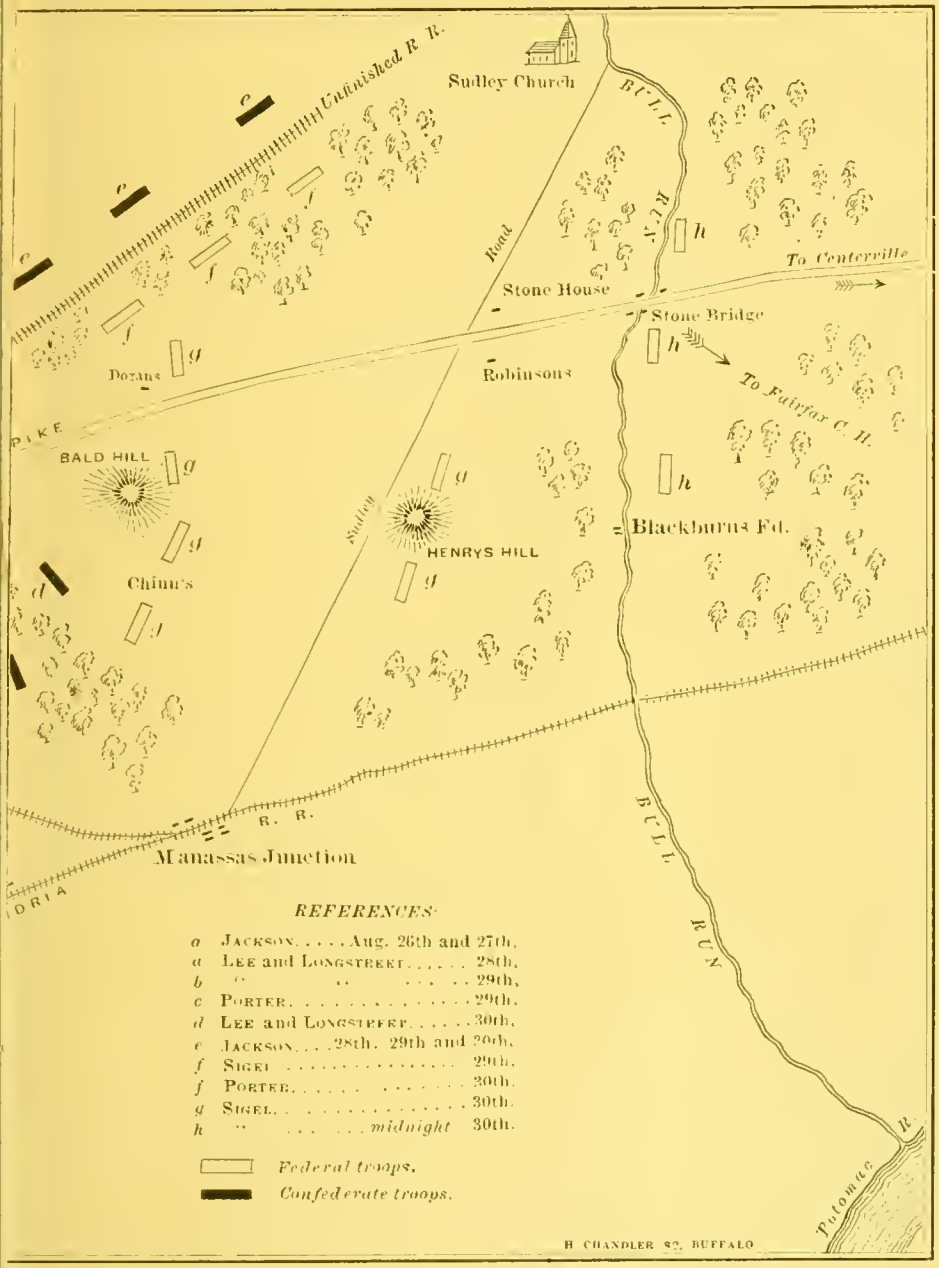
About the time of the falling back from Bald Hill, I happened to be on the Warrenton turnpike near Jim Robinson's, when a gallant array of horsemen passed. I soon discovered through the gloaming that it was made up of the respective staffs of Pope and McDowell, headed by those two commanders, making for the stone bridge. The turnpike was badly blocked by stragglers, wagons and ambulances, (no organized body had yet commenced to fall back). These impediments did not apparently interfere with their exit from the field of Bull Run. As the last of the cavalcade swept by, I involuntarily exclaimed, "now the devil take the hindmost I suppose."

Sigel held Henry's Hill until after 8 o'clock, then gradually withdrew, grumbling out a cannon shot occasionally, and thus covering the retreat over the bridge, which he crossed near midnight. After crossing, his guns were speedily in position, covering the approaches from the other side, and here waited for two or three hours, until every animate object had crossed (the brigade under Schurz being the last to pass over), when he destroyed it with fire and powder, and fell back on Centreville, slowly and in order, which place he reached a little after six in the morning, about *nine hours* after Pope. He reported at once to his superior at headquarters, stating what he had done. No questions were asked on the other side; neither did a word of commendation escape from the lips of this marplot of a general.

Pope wrote to Washington after reaching Centreville, that he had lost neither guns nor wagons. Lee claimed to have taken 7,000 unwounded prisoners, and thirty pieces of artillery—Lee was generally considered truthful. Pope was some six miles away. In twenty-two days we lost 30,000 men, and arms, ammunition and stores valued at millions—in the campaign commencing at Cedar Mountain and ending with Bull Run.



MAP, FROM CEDAR MOUNTAIN


Unfinished R. R.
Sudley Church
BULL RUN
Road
To Centerville
Stone House
Stone Bridge
Dozans
Robinsons
To Fairfax C. H.
PIKE
BALD HILL
HENRYS HILL
Chinn's
Sudley
Blackburns Ford
R. R.
Manassas Junction
BULL RUN
Potomac R.
REFERENCES.
a Jackson, ... Aug. 26th and 27th.
a Lee and Longstreet, ... 28th.
b " " . . . . . 29th.
c Porter, ... 29th.
d Lee and Longstreet, ... 30th.
e Jackson, . . . 28th. 29th and 30th.
f Sigel . . . . . 29th.
f Porter, ... 30th.
g Sigel, ... 30th.
h " . . . . . midnight 30th.
Federal troops.
Confederate troops.
H. CHANDLER SC. BUFFALO

TO BULL RUN

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